

THE SIMPSONS

"BOY SCOUTZ N THE HOOD"

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FADE IN:

INT. VIDEO GAME PARLOR - AFTERNOON

Kids swarm all over the games. Ralph Wiggum is playing a game called "Hit the Broad Side of a Barn", and losing. Long lines form for the "Alien" and "Terminator" games; the "Dinosaurs" game has no takers.

Martin is absorbed in a game called "My Dinner With Andre".

ON THE GAME SCREEN

An Atari waiter serves flan and espresso, while an Atari Andre Gregory muses on the meaning of life.

ATARI ANDRE GREGORY

(FILTERED VOICE) ...thirsting for a way
to name the unnamable, to express the
inexpressible!

MARTIN

(ENRAPTURED) Tell me more!

He moves the joystick to a position marked "Tell Me More". The other positions are "Trenchant Insight" and "Bon Mot".

Across the room, as Milhouse watches, Bart plays a game with lots of fancy FX called "Panamanian Strongman!"

BART

(TENSE, INVOLVED) Keep cool, Simpson.

Be in the game, but not of the game.

ON THE GAME SCREEN

In the courtyard of a Latin American consulate, battling Delta Force commandos and helicopter gunships, is a giant, bare-chested, incredibly muscular MANUEL NORIEGA.

MANUEL NORIEGA

(IMPOSSIBLY DEEP, MECHANICAL VOICE)

No es bueno! Vamanos!

Noriega PUNCHES a hole in a brick wall, leaps through, and is snared in a net. A helicopter ferries him away towards Florida as the words "GAME OVER" flash onscreen.

MILHOUSE

Wow! You almost made it to Honduras!

BART

I gotta try again. (HIS POCKETS ARE EMPTY) Uh-oh, cash-tank on "E".

Milhouse, loan me a quarter, quick!

MILHOUSE

Aw, I'm out of money, too.

The ARCADE MANAGER overhears this.

ARCADE MANAGER

Out of money, eh? (CYNICAL HINT) Then I guess somebody better hit the road!

RALPH WIGGUM

(PAUSE) Me?

ARCADE MANAGER

No, not you. (BEAT) Well actually, yeah. You, too.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Milhouse hit the street, reluctantly. They loiter outside. Bored silence.

BART

(PACING) Aw, man, it's still daylight out! How are we supposed to kill the rest of the afternoon?

WISE OLD HOBO

(SPARKLE IN HIS EYE) You mustn't kill time, boys -- you must cherish it! Seize the day! (PAUSE) Can I have some change, to go get loaded?

EXT. ANOTHER DESERTED STREET - MINUTES LATER

BART

There's no one around and nothing to do. This sucks. (YELLS) It's a ghost town! (ECHO)

The words "ghost town" ECHO down the empty street.

PAN UPWARDS TO:

INT. A DARK TENEMENT TWO STORIES OVERHEAD

A wan foreign-looking boy gazes out the window longingly.

WAN FOREIGN BOY

Mama, may I go outside and play?

FOREIGN MOTHER

(FRIGHTENED) Can you not hear the voices? There are ghosts outside!

BACK TO SCENE

Bart sees an empty soda can in the street and picks it up.

BART

Ah...one always finds solace in the
classics: Kick the Can.

He kicks the can. It feebly rolls a few feet, then stops.
The Wise Hobo from the last scene limps by and picks it up.

WISE OLD HOBO

Hey, don't kick those, they're worth
money. (WHINY) Now it's dented.
(PATHETIC, TO BART) Help me fix it.

BART

No! (BEAT) Will you leave us alone?

EXT. A CURBSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Bart and Milhouse sit glumly on the curb. A car goes by.

BART

I know! Let's try to spot cars with
out-of-state license plates. When one
goes by, you say, "Out of state!"

EXT. RIGHT UP THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A camp counselor instructs a very large group of children
boarding parked station wagons.

CAMP COUNSELOR

Climb aboard, kids, and we'll be on our
way to Fun Mountain!

MOB OF KIDS

Hooray!!

BACK TO SCENE

Bart and Milhouse watch passively as car after car filled
with laughing children rapidly ZOOMS past them.

FIRST CARLOAD

Hooray!

SECOND CARLOAD

Hooray!

THIRD CARLOAD

Hooray!

FOURTH CARLOAD

Hooray!

FIFTH CARLOAD

Hooray!

SIXTH CARLOAD

Hooray!

MILHOUSE

(PAUSE) I don't wanna---

SEVENTH CARLOAD

Hooray!

MILHOUSE

-- play this game.

Frustrated silence.

BART

(SIGHS) There's got to be some way we can have fun with no money. My dad's always saying how when he was a kid, they "made their own fun."

MILHOUSE

I wonder what he means by that.

FLASHBACK: 1968

A middle-aged Grampa watches Nixon on "Laugh-In" on T.V.

NIXON (ON TV)

Sock it to me, baby. (APPLAUSE)

MIDDLE-AGED GRAMPA

I used to think he was a crook, but now

I see him for the good man he truly is.

In the next room, a 12-year-old Homer sits at the kitchen table, idly staring at a pitcher of water. Absently, he picks it up and pours the water on the floor.

12-YEAR-OLD HOMER

Woo-hoo!

BACK TO SCENE

BART

The past must've been fun. I guess
only the present sucks.

MILHOUSE

(DREARY) Yeah, I guess you're right.

Silence. A tumbleweed slowly drifts past them, and rolls along down the deserted, boarded-up street.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Homer sits on the sofa, watching TV.

ON TV

Kent Brockman stands with a bunch of pretty girls in skimpy outfits, wearing glasses, pencils tucked behind their ears.

KENT BROCKMAN

Coming up next on "Inside Scoop": our team of investigative super-models goes undercover...to "bust" a topless tanning salon!

HOMER

(HONEST ADMIRATION) Those brave super-models will risk any danger to find out the truth.

He sees a pitcher of water resting on the coffee table. Absently, he picks it up and pours it on the floor.

HOMER

Heh-heh. It's still fun.

Marge enters, putting on a coat.

MARGE

Homer, don't pour water on the rug.
The puddles make the floorboards rot.

HOMER

Yeah, but what are ya gonna do?

MARGE

(AT THE DOOR) I have to go out to pick up something for dinner.

HOMER

Steak?

MARGE

Money's too tight for steak.

HOMER

Tiny steak?

MARGE

(CURT) I'll see you in half an hour.

The door closes. Beat. Homer runs to the open window, and sees Marge driving off.

HOMER

(JAUNTILY) Poor, silly Marge. You'd be rich beyond your wildest dreams, if only you'd learn the art...of saving up money in a secret hiding place.

He unlocks the hall closet. Sitting up on a high shelf, side by side, are two shoeboxes: one labelled "Secret Hiding Place Box", the other, "Not This Box". With a sly grin, Homer takes the one marked "Not This Box".

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PLEASED) The old decoy tactic. It never fails.

He opens the box. It's empty.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(REMEMBERING) Oh. Right.

He takes the "Secret Hiding" box, blows a layer of dust off the lid and opens it. Inside is a crumpled twenty dollar bill. Homer takes it out and lovingly uncrumples it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

There's nothing like the smell of a crisp twenty-dollar bill. (SNIFFS IT)
Ahh!

He waltzes around the room, with the \$20 bill his partner.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(DASHING) Well, Twenty-ina, what shall we do today? (GIRL VOICE) Oh, Mister Simpson, let's go to the Flea Market and buy you that hat made out of pistachio shells! (HOMER VOICE) Twentyina, I like the way you think.

As he is waltzing, he slips in the puddle of water on the rug and breaks through a rotten floorboard. The \$20 bill flies out of his hands, and drifts out the open window.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) Don't leave me!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - CONTINUOUS

The twenty-dollar bill wafts along the street, chased by a frantic, running Homer.

HOMER'S POV

On the sidewalk ahead of him, a large group of bearded activists have staged a lie-down strike.

BEARDED ACTIVIST:

Join our Lie-In! Stop food irradiation now!

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Homer nimbly steps over all the packed-together activists blocking the sidewalk. He rounds the corner and halts, confused. Beat. He takes several deep sniffs of the air, and finally picks up the scent.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNIFFS) That way! (RUNS OFF)

HOMER'S POV

The money has drifted into a busy intersection, thick with traffic. Undaunted, he dips his toe off the curb 3 times, trying to cross. An ambulance, a hearse, and a Funnycar RACE past him, forcing him to recoil. On each try:

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNTS)

A strong gust of wind lifts the money high overhead, and it flutters away down the street, far out of reach.

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT

A la the final long crane shot in "Jungle Fever", the camera SWOOPS down from far away overhead, into an EXTREME CLOSEUP of the darkness of Homer's open mouth, as, echoing Wesley Snipes's "NOOO!!", he says:

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PROTRACTED ANNOYED GRUNT)

The camera zooms into Homer's mouth. Blackness. Beat.

ECU OF HOMER'S MOUTH CLOSING AGAIN AS HE SPEAKS

HOMER'S MOUTH

Oh, who needs stupid money, anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD - PANORAMIC

Music: "Flight of the Bumblebee"

We see the \$20 bill wafting high on the wind. It swiftly passes tall buildings and background scenes:

A) The Springfield Savings Bank Building. In a window on the top floor, masked CRIMINALS prepare to dynamite a safe.

B) Directly above them, on the roof of the same building, Wiggum, Eddie and Lou are happily splashing and floating in the water tower, with the top pried off.

C) Frink, wearing wax bird-wings, glides above the city. He sees the money and grabs it.

FRINK

Yoink!

But then he flies too close to the sun and the wings melt, causing him to drop the money and plummet to earth.

FRINK (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

The bill begins spiralling down to earth:

OVERHEAD VIEW - THE BILL'S POV

From high up, we see Bart and Milhouse sitting on the curb.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREETCORNER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They sit punching themselves in the arm to pass the time.

BART/MILHOUSE

(PUNCH) Ow. (PUNCH) Ow. (PUNCH) Ow.

BART

You know, this is wearing a bit thin.

MILHOUSE

(CONTENT) You think so?

Miraculously, the money floats to the street before them, sparkling.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(AWED) Bart, look! Do you see it?

BART

(AWED) A sight so wondrous, only the children can truly understand it: Money in the gutter.

They grab the money. Staring at it:

MILHOUSE

Twenty dollars! And it's all ours!

BART

The iron law of finders keepers.

(SOLEMN) This money was sent to us for
a reason: to live the dream that every
kid in this town has dreamt since the
dawn of the 90's. (EPIC) Quickly!
Hail a taxi!

MILHOUSE

This is the luckiest day of our lives!

They run off. As soon as they're gone, a Brinks truck
crashes into a lamppost and the back door pops open,
spilling gold coins and jewels all over the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE QWIK-E-MART - MOMENTS LATER

A taxicab screeches to a halt, and Bart and Milhouse leap
out. Bart hands the cabbie the twenty.

BART

(COCKY) Keep the change, my man.

CABBIE

Hey! That's mighty generous.

BART

(PANICKY) Wait! Stop! I didn't know
that's what "keep the change" meant.

INT. QWIK-E-MART - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Milhouse stride manfully inside.

APU

Must I be forever reminding you
children: this is not a youth center.

He points to a sign reading "YOU MUST HAVE MONEY TO LOITER"

BART

We're not here to read your crummy magazines, Apu. (SWAGGER) Give us a super-Squishee! (GRIM) One that's made...entirely out of syrup.

Apu gulps.

APU

An all-syrup super-Squishee? S-such a thing has never been done. Many have tried, but...

BART

Just make it happen.

Bart SLAMS the money on the counter.

APU

(COUNTING IT) Oh dear...I disclaim all responsibility...

He turns the surveillance cameras off.

APU (CONT'D)

(RE CAMERAS) This is something I am not proud of.

Nervously trembling and looking about, Apu puts a large paper cup under the Squishee nozzle, and swerves the dial setting from "Recommended Dosage" past "Unhealthy Dosage" all the way to "Experimental". The machine shakes, making an unearthly humming noise as the cup slowly fills with syrup. It sputters. Sparks fly.

APU (CONT'D)

(PANICKED) She won't hold! She's
breaking up! (A LITTLE BELL RINGS)
All done. (RINGS IT UP) Thank you.
If you survive, please come again.

Bart and Milhouse grab the Squishee and bolt for the door,
whooping triumphantly.

APU (CONT'D)

(LOW, MOVED) I am become Shiva,
destroyer of worlds. (SHRUGS) All in
a day's work.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE QWIK-E-MART - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Milhouse hold the Squishee between them, awed.

MILHOUSE

Wow...it's so dense...(TRIES TO PUT A
STRAW IN; IT REBOUNDS OFF THE SURFACE)
My straw won't go in.

BART

Let me try.

Bart pounds the straw in with his fist. Nervously takes a
sip, eyes closed:

BART (CONT'D)

(SOUTHERN) Ah. Powerful, powerful...

He opens his eyes.

BART'S POV

Milhouse spins like a slot machine; there are 3 of him.

TRIPLE MILHOUSE

What's it like, Bart? Bart...?

BART

(HIGH-SPEED GIBBERISH)

Milhouse takes a sip.

MILHOUSE'S POV

Multiple whirling Barts, as in a fly's polyhedral eye.

BART (CONT'D)

(TAKING STOCK) OK...It's 4:00, we've
got ten dollars, and enough sugar in
this baby to operate a sweatshop...

They look at one another.

BART/MILHOUSE

(JUBILANT) Let's roll!

RAPID 180-DEGREE
PAN TO:

EXT. BUSY MAIN STREET - ALMOST DUSK

Cosmopolitan hustle and bustle: Springfield is coming to life. Bart and Milhouse bop down the street, snapping - their fingers, wide-eyed: The world is their oyster.

BART

(STARTS TO SING "NEW YORK, NEW YORK")

Springfield, Springfield --- !

It's a hell of a towwnnn!

Milhouse joins in.

BART/MILHOUSE

(UPTEMPO, SING) Springfield,

Springfield!/ It's a hell of a town!/
The schoolyard's up and the shopping

mall's down!/ The stray dogs go to the

Animal Pound!

BART

(SINGS) Springfield, Springfield--!

MILHOUSE

(SINGS) Springfield, Springfield--!

For some reason, a sailor has joined them.

SAILOR

(SINGS) New York, New York--!

BART

(CURT) New York is that-a-way, man.

SAILOR

Thanks, kid! (RUNS OFF)

Bart and Milhouse strike "On The Town"-style poses.

BART/MILHOUSE

(SING, CRESCENDO)

It's a hell-of-a--- towwwnnn!!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA VAMPS "NEW YORK, NEW YORK" THEME

MONTAGE

Bart and Milhouse do the town in style, all the while drinking the Squishee:

A) In a plush, upscale SHOWROOM, a smartly-dressed SALESMAN lets them test-drive luxury skateboards.

B) At the video arcade, they play in a roped-off "V.I.P." section. They hot-dog, playing three and four games at once, as tough-looking BOUNCERS guard them.

ARCADE MANAGER

(PROUDLY) I knew 'em when they was nobodies.

C) At a jewelry store, they point to a giant gold crown inside a glass case, and wave a dollar. The jeweler LAUGHS mockingly.

17.

D) At the comics store, they buy a carton of baseball cards and then throw it in the air. Chaos erupts as kids scramble to get the cards.

E) They enter a store with the sign: "24-Hour Toy Store". Beneath that, another sign: "Rub-On Tattoos Done Here". After a beat, they emerge, covered with dopey tattoos.

EXT. SEEDY SPRINGFIELD STREET - NIGHT

Bart and Milhouse stagger down the street, fidgeting and singing off-key very loudly. Their eyes spin. The Squishee is very low. They are in a seedy, neon part of town, what seems to be a kids' red-light district.

BART/MILHOUSE

(SING) Old McDonald, sitting on a
bench/ Eating his meat with a monkey
wrench! (UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER)

BART

Oh, man. The rest of my life is
downhill, starting now. (BELCHES LIKE
BARNEY)

MILHOUSE

(GIGGLES) Hey, Bart...What part of
town are we in?

BART

Who cares?!

BART'S POV

MUSIC: FRANTIC BONGO DRUMS AND FREE-JAZZ SAX

The cityscape whirls and lurches drunkenly. Large neon signs read: "CANDY MOST RANDY", "MODELS!...AND MODEL DECALS!", "DIRTY JOKES", "USED BUMPER CARS", etc.

Things begin to spin: Faster, and faster, and faster and...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A disheveled lump lies hidden under the bedsheets.

BART

Ohhh...my head....

Lisa is sitting by his bedside.

LISA

Tsk, tsk. The remorse of the drunkard.

Any happy memories?

BART

(GROANING) I don't remember a thing.

LISA

I bet you don't.

Lisa whips off the bedsheets, revealing Bart is dressed in the khaki boy scout-type uniform of the Young Rangers.

LISA (CONT'D)

Cool uniform. Where'd you get it? The Young Rangers, perhaps? (EVIL CHUCKLE)

BART

(IN SHOCK, RE UNIFORM) Oh, no. What have I done?

LISA

I'll tell you what you did, you joined the Young--

BART

Really, Lis, that much I can figure
out. I mean: (REALLY UPSET) What have
I done?

MUSIC: OMINOUS STING

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ACT TWO

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

HOMER (V.O.)

(WAILING) Bart! My only son! You've
thrown your life away!

Beat. Stay on the establishing shot.

HOMER (V.O. CONT'D)

You were supposed to go on to college!
I wanted your lot to be better than
mi...

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

LISA

(IMPATIENT) Dad, stop yelling out the
window. Bart's over here.

She motions to the kitchen table, where the family sit at
breakfast. Homer takes his head out of the window and sits
down with them.

BART

Get real, Homer.

As Bart continues in VO, we DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - 24-HOUR RECRUITMENT CENTER - LAST NIGHT

Clutching the Squishee, a zonked-out Bart staggers into a
seedy 24-hour recruitment center for the Young Rangers,
where he's met by a cigar-chomping Sergeant. He signs a
number of papers, dons a funny ritual hat, raises his hand
to swear an oath, and is motioned over to a long line of
very tough-looking boys wearing the same funny hat.

BART (CONT'D - V.O.)

All I did was wander into a 24-hour recruiting center and join the Young Rangers. It's not like I can't weasel out of it easy enough.

LISA

But you've hitched up! In your sugar-crazed macho swaggering, you probably swore cryptic oaths of allegiance, and signed documents that are legally binding.

BART

No problemo. Any jury would take one look at that Squishee and rule Not Competent, by reason of sweet, sweet madness. (CHUCKLES)

LISA

The Squishee defense. What a terrifying legal precedent. Can Twinkies be far behind?

MARGE

Bart, you're not quitting the Young Rangers that quickly. You gave them your word, and you have to learn to honor your commitments.

HOMER

Ha ha! Sucker!

MARGE

(ANGRY) Homer, back me up on this!

HOMER

(STERN) She's right, boy.

BART

Mom, look at me. All I've got going in life is my freewheeling spirit. And you'd send me off to have it crushed to teach me a lesson?

HOMER

Yeah, Marge. Keeping your word isn't everything. If I had to keep my word every time I gave it, I'd still be riding a unicycle to work, and those circus people would own the house.

MARGE

(ANNOYED) I guess that's true. (TO BART) Still, I want you to try going to one meeting, at least. You never know. You might like it.

HOMER

Yeah, right. (SOTTO, FATHERLY) Just look 'em straight in the eye, say you quit and threaten to cry like a girl if they won't take back the uniform. Works every time.

BART

Dad, you're the best! (RUNS OFF)

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Well, I been around.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Bart and Milhouse walk down the hall. Bart carries a large paper bag with him.

MILHOUSE

I tried to stop you, but you kept
saying you wanted to see the world.

BART

Doesn't matter now. I'm quitting.

Nelson grabs the bag away from Bart.

NELSON

What's in the bag, twerp ? (OPENS IT)
Oohh, look! Baby bwought his Wanger
uniform to school!

He dangles it over Bart's head, out of reach, taunting.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Haw-haw! Keep-away! Keep-away!

BART

(BORED, YAWNS) Yeah. Whatever.

Nelson looks puzzled. Bart keeps walking, unfazed.
Suddenly Dolph, Kearny and Jimbo surround him.

DOLPH

(THREATENING) You better get back
over there and pretend you want your
bag back, twerp.

BART

(SCARED) Uh...okay.

Nelson and the others throw the bag back and forth over Bart's head. Bart chases after it as if he wants it.

ALL THE PUNKS

Haw haw! Keep-away!

INT. SCHOOL - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

KRABAPPEL

(CHEERFULLY) Guess what, class!

MARTIN

Time for a surprise quiz?

KRABAPPEL

Well, that's not what I was going to say, but it's a good idea anyway.

BART

(STIFLED ANNOYED GRUNT)

A nerdy kid in a Young Rangers uniform frets ruefully.

NERDY KID

Ohhh...must I stay in class and take this vital quiz? Or must I go to my patrol meeting, to hone crucial leadership skills? (HOLDS HIS HEAD)
Sooo confused....

KRABAPPEL

Why, Pietro, I nearly forgot. All Young Rangers are excused to attend their patrol meeting.

BART

Ah, Liberty! The pot of gold at the
end of the tunnel! Now where'd I put
that bag?!

He searches his desk frantically for the uniform. Then, remembering, he runs to the broom closet and grabs the bag, which is in flames, from out of a wastebasket, bats out the fire, and begins quickly changing into his Ranger uniform, right in front of the class.

KRABAPPEL

Bart, don't try to tell me you're a
Young Ranger. (ASIDE) Note to self:
don't hide shotglass in smoke alarm.

BART

Mrs. Krabappel, sorry to rock your
world. But desperate times call for
desperate measures. Have a fun quiz!

He runs out with the other Rangers.

KRABAPPEL

(SIMMERING) You're goood, Simpson.
You're veery good. But one day you'll
pay the piper...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bart heads for the meeting room. In the hallway en route, he passes an itinerant piper, and tosses him a dime.

BART

Keep it. Simpson, for once, you're
numbered among the saved!

He reaches a door marked "Patrol 550 Meeting Room".

BART

Hel-lo, alternative to testing!

He opens the door, revealing the Patrol Leader...Ned Flanders.

NED

Why, saints and cinders -- it's Bart Simpson! C'mon in 'n' join the fun!

BART

(SCREAMS)

He SLAMS the door shut and digs his nails into it.

INT. FRONT OF DOORWAY - MINUTES LATER

Flanders demonstrates to the Ranger patrol how to pry a paralyzed Bart off of the door.

NED

Y'see, the Choctee developed a resin out of tree bark that'll slide this li'l shock victim right offa that door, without the use of a crowbar...

Bart slides easily to the ground, unconscious. CHEERS from the other Rangers.

NED

(ENTHUSIASTIC) Bingo! Now, who can show me how to check for coma?

INT. PATROL MEETING ROOM - SHORTLY AFTER

The kids sit on the floor in a circle. A FAT KID crouches in the center, making bad pantomime-animal movements.

FAT KID

(DRAMATIC) Thus, thus does the mighty
mountain lion stalk its prey!

(APPLAUSE. STANDS UP STRAIGHT) So.

Are there any questions?

Bart raises his hand.

BART

When do we learn how to kill a man by
pushing his nose through the inside of
his skull? (HORRIFIED SILENCE) Hey.
Just asking.

NED

Well, there is a First Aid procedure
that entails pushing the nose through
the skull, but it's used to stop brain
hemorrhaging, not to kill. Okay,
little campers! Time to learn the
ABC's of whittling!

BART

That does it. I'm outta here, man.

He begins skulking towards the door. Ned, not noticing,
continues his lecture.

NED

Now, everybody take out your
pocketknives...

Bart freezes in his tracks.

BART

Heyy. You mean you guys get to play
with knives?

Bart sidles up to the Fat Kid, who is busy taking out his
pocket knife. Bart paws greedily at the knife.

BART

Hey, Chubsy. C'mon, you and me. We'll
be knife-buddies. Whaddaya say?

FAT KID

(WHIMPERS FEARFULLY) Don't hurt me.

NED

(TO BART) Whoa, hold your horses
there, Bart. You're not allowed to
handle a pocketknife til you've passed
the Ranger Knife Safety Requirement.
It's all here in this 90-page booklet
on knife safety. (WINKS) The more you
know.

BART

Forget it, man. I ducked in here to
avoid being tested. I don't want a
pocketknife bad enough to take some
dumb Ranger test.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

All is dark, save for a single light in Bart's room.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bart lies awake in bed, tossing fitfully.

BART

(WHINY) I want a pocketknife.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - MORNING

Homer eats breakfast, reading the paper.

BART

Hey, Dad, can I have a pocketknife?

Homer finishes buttering his toast, then hands Bart the greasy butter knife, without looking up.

HOMER

Sure, son. Will this fit in your pocket?

BART

(SCOWLS)

INT. HERMAN'S MILITARY ANTIQUES - DAY

Bart examines a bunch of knives behind a glass case.

HERMAN

Sorry, kid, but unless you have a Ranger Knife Safety Badge, the law says you're too young to buy a pocketknife.

He points to a CARDBOARD CUTOUT of a scary anthropomorphic SWITCHBLADE KNIFE pleasantly holding its gloved hand up to its waist. A caption reads: "Mack the Knife says: You must be THIS HIGH to buy a pocketknife."

HERMAN (CONT'D)

(TEMPTINGLY) However, on the subject of children owning flamethrowers, the law is conveniently silent.

RAPID MONTAGE

Bart unsuccessfully tries to buy a pocketknife at a number of stores:

A) At "It's A Wonderful Knife!", a Ginsu-type hardware store:

1ST PROPRIETOR

Sorry.

B) At a store called "Machete Mania", with a sign that says: "Machetes Bought - Sold - Traded":

2ND PROPRIETOR

Sorry.

C) At a shady martial-arts store in Chinatown, selling samurai swords, nunchuks, handcuffs, head-shop paraphernalia and sinister multi-bladed affairs:

3RD PROPRIETOR

(MUTTERED CHINESE APOLOGY)

D) At a store called "Prince of Knives" with a sign featuring a Crazy Eddie-type guy wearing a huge crown, and juggling butcher knives:

4TH PROPRIETOR

Sorry, kid. No can do.

Ned walks up to the counter, with an armful of potato peelers.

NED

Never too soon to stock up on emergency potato peelers! Hey, Bart! Why so glum? Bet you're eyeballing that pocket-knife, huh? She sure is a beaut!

BART

(WHINES LONGINGLY)

NED

Well, little buddy, I'll make ya a deal! I'll teach you the safety skills to get ya that pocketknife, if you come back and give the Rangers another chance.

BART'S THOUGHT BUBBLE

A storefront with a large revolving door marked "Young Rangers". An endless line of Barts walks through the revolving door empty-handed, and re-emerges instantly carrying knives, machetes, axes, rifles, etc.

BART

(SMILING) Ned, you got yourself a deal.

They shake on it.

INT. SCHOOL - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS - NEXT DAY

Bart sits next to Milhouse, showing off his pocketknife.

MILHOUSE

Wow, it's got a corkscrew, a tweezers, a nail file... I don't know what this thing here is for...

BART

I do.

He takes the pocketknife and SCRAPES it down the blackboard, making a horrible SCREECHING sound. Krabappel falls to the floor, her hands clutching her temples.

KRABAPPEL

(SHRIEKS) BART!!

BART

Gotta run. Patrol meeting.

He ducks out the door.

INT. PATROL MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

For First Aid practice the kids are paired off, one doing bandage slings on the other. Flanders moves down the row, inspecting the bandaging handiwork.

NED

Good. Good. Good. A trifle
excessive. Good.

He comes to Bart, who has bandaged a kid completely from head to foot. A live rooster sticks out partially from where his head is. The mummy twitches and moans uncomfortably.

NED (CONT'D)

Dear Lord. Bart, let's review the
chapter on "air holes".

MONTAGE

Bart hones his Ranger skills, increasing his potential for menacing the community:

A) At a meeting, Flanders demonstrates how to make an animal snare.

NED

Now this is called a "humane trap"
because the animal is snared, but not
injured...

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Homer wanders in and sees a piece of pie on the floor. He picks it up to eat it. A snare catches him, hanging him upside down by an ankle.

HOMER

BART!!!

B) On an outdoor trip, Flanders demonstrates how to use a blowgun.

NED

Now the blowgun is used primarily to
get seeds to birds in a tree...

There are a series of loud "Phht!" noises, and Ned turns to see one kid has been pinned peripherally to a tree with darts, as in a circus knife-throwing act. Bart holds a blowgun, looking guilty.

C) Homer goes into the bathroom, and sees a piece of pie on the bathroom floor. He picks it up. Something WHIRLS up at him very quickly.

SMASH CUT TO:

Homer is trapped in a bamboo cage in the bathroom.

HOMER

BART!!!

D) At a meeting, all the kids stand holding limp pieces of rope, tied into lassos. Flanders spins about 15 twirling lariats simultaneously, doing amazing Will Rogers-like rope tricks with them.

NED

(STILTED SINGING) Well if you don't
know how to do it,/ I'll show ya how to
walk the dog! Yeah!

INT. QWIK-E-MART - DAY

ANGLE ON A GROCERY SHELF

A bunch of canned goods sit quietly on a shelf. Suddenly, about 30 lariats come wizzing into view, snaring various cans and boxes off the shelves. Sanjay scratches his head and mutters prayers as he sees this on the monitors.

E) Bart proudly mounts a display of Skill Badges he's earned. One by one, we see them displayed: "Archery", "Debt Collecting", "Plastic Explosives", and "Counterterrorism".

F) During a beautiful sunset out of an Army recruitment film, Ned, Bart and the Young Rangers are at a toxic waste dump. They cheerfully help men in protective rubber suits as they spear bits of glowing waste with litter spears.

G) Homer sees a piece of pie in the middle of the driveway. He picks it up to eat it.

SMASH CUT TO:

A catapult hurls Homer into the air.

HOMER

(AIRBORNE) BART!!!!

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Lisa are watching TV. Bart looks very spiffy.

ON TV

ART CARD: ITCHY AND SCRATCHY IN "AAAHHH! WILDERNESS!"

Itchy and Scratchy are camping out under the stars. They sit by a campfire toasting marshmallows, their bedrolls nearby. Scratchy strums a guitar.

It starts to rain. Scratchy unfolds a tiny beach umbrella, and sits under it. Itchy produces two sharpened stakes, some tent pegs and a mallet. He impales Scratchy on the stakes lengthwise, one through his throat and one through his crotch. Then he ties Scratchy's tongue and tail to ground pegs as adjustable guy-lines, and nails his four paws to the ground, turning him into a tent. Itchy blithely goes to sleep underneath, dry from the rain.

Lisa laughs uproariously. Bart is judgmental.

BART

The guys who write this show don't know
squat. Itchy should have tied
Scratchy's tongue with a taut-line
hitch, not a sheet bend.

LISA

Oh, Bart, don't be such a drip.

Ned appears in the window.

NED

(CALLING) Howdy-hey, Ranger Bart!
Ready for today's big meeting?

BART

You betcha, Ned!

Homer enters from the kitchen.

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Bart! Come quick! I just
made 50 mayonnaise sandwiches! Help me
eat them before they go stale!

BART

Sorry, Homer, another time. I have to
go to a meeting with Ned.

He runs out. Homer is crestfallen.

LISA

(SINGS, SOULFULLY) And the cat's in
the cradle and the silver spoon...

HOMER

Lisa! Stop making references Daddy
doesn't understand. (UPSET) Why
doesn't Bart wanna hang out with me
anymore?

LISA

I think Bart has found a surrogate father figure in Ned Flanders. Either that, or he's been seduced by the social narcotic of surrendering his will to a paramilitary youth group.

(PAUSE) Possibly both. To win back his love, Dad, you'll have to... Dad?

Homer has gone into the kitchen, where he is ravenously devouring the sandwiches.

INT. PATROL MEETING ROOM - LATER

Ned addresses the Rangers.

NED

Our annual Father-Son River Rafting Trip will be held next weekend. Now, you all have to bring your dads along, to beef up those shaky father-son relationships! It's also a legal thing, to help us avoid lawsuits.

A kid in the corner sniffles.

NED

Now Charlie, I know your Dad has passed on, but don't you fret. A special Celebrity Dad has been arranged for you.

KID

But my older brother would like to...

NED

Sorry, but I'm afraid Ernest Borgnine
has already been confirmed. Your
brother can go another time.

BART

Oh, no. Me bring Homer on a rafting
trip?

BART'S FANTASY

Homer sits in a raft with a bunch of dashing, handsome
FATHERS in tuxedos. Homer is dressed like a country rube,
and talks like Lon Chaney playing the idiot in "Of Mice and
Men". He is paddling the wrong way.

RUBE HOMER

Duh, help me, Bart. I done bad.

(PULLS A RIP-CORD) Duh, what does this
do?

BART

No! Don't touch that!

There is a giant atomic mushroom cloud explosion.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

No way, man.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The family sits in the living room. Bart enters from
outside, in full Ranger regalia.

MARGE

Oh, Bart, you're back from the Rangers.

We never see you any more.

HOMER

(PEEVED) How was jerk practice, boy?

(FAIRY VOICE) Did they teach you how
to mend blankets and sing to trees, and
build crappy furniture out of useless
wooden logs?

The easy chair snaps, trapping Homer inside it.

HOMER

(STRUGGLING) Stupid piece of showroom
junk...!

BART

(SKIPPING BY) Actually, we were making
plans for the father-son river rafting
trip.

HOMER

Whatever. You bringing Flanders?

BART

I figure either Flanders, or a
cinderblock. (GOES UPSTAIRS)

HOMER

Fine. I'll gladly stay home with
whichever one you don't bring.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bart paces back and forth.

BART'S BRAIN

Look, Homer doesn't want to go, so just ask him, and he'll say no. Then it'll be his fault.

BART

Yeah, that's the ticket.

INT. HOMER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is also pacing.

HOMER

(ANGRY) I don't want to go, so if he asks me to go, I'll just say yes.

HOMER'S BRAIN

Wait. Are you sure that's how this sort of thing works?

HOMER

(ANGRY) Don't argue with me, I know what I'm doing.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Homer both storm out of their rooms and towards each other.

BART

(ANGRY) Dad, I really want you to come on this trip with me!

HOMER

(ANGRY) Bart, I'd be delighted to go on your trip with you!

Pause.

BART/HOMER

(DOUBLE ANNOYED GRUNT)

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE RIVER - DAY

Charlie the fatherless kid is bawling like a baby.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

ERNEST BORGNINE

Aw, c'mon kid, quit crying! It'll be
fun, I promise!

The fathers and sons are gathered by the river, where they are renting rafts from an outfit run by the Sea Captain. Homer is dressed in a ridiculous mismatched getup: hiking boots, sailor suit and a pith helmet.

HOMER

OK, son, you leave this raft-rental
business to me. You're dad's an old
salt at this.

The Sea Captain shows a raft to Homer and Bart. It is leaky and clearly no good.

SEA CAPTAIN

Arrr, here be a fine vessel. The
yarest river-goin' boat there be.

HOMER

I'll take it.

They push the raft into the water. It immediately sinks.

SEA CAPTAIN

(COVERING) The sea is me mistress, ye
understand. It's these danged river-
boats what's got me confused...

Ned calls everybody together.

NED

Okey-dokey, Dads, everybody pair off
into groups so we can get started! Two
Dads to a raft, now!

The fathers, a motley assortment, begin pairing off in a
businesslike fashion. Homer hangs off to the side.

HOMER

Please not Flanders. Please not
Flanders. Please not Flanders.

Finally, only Flanders and Rod are left.

NED

Well, Homer, it looks like it's you and
me! Shall we "shove off"?

HOMER

(MOANS)

EXT. IN THE RAFT - ON THE RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Ned and Homer's raft is in the lead. The rapids are much
faster than anyone imagined.

NED

Looks kinda rapid, Homer, eh? We'll
need to do some quick thinking today.

HOMER

Just paddle the boat, Ned, and let me
do the navigating!

NED

Ay ay, Captain Homer! ...Uh, didja
remember to bring your map?

HOMER

Yes, Flanders, I brought a map! I
guess I have to do everything!

ANGLE ON HOMER'S MAP

It's a Krustyburger Placemap of the USA. Krusty says:
"Hey, kids! Color in all fifty states!" Krustyburger
locations nationwide are marked with little Krusty faces.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SMUG) Heh-heh. They made Alaska
bigger than Texas.

NED

Whoa, Nelly!

NED'S POV

A gurgling fork in the river is rapidly coming up.

NED

Quick, Homer! Which way do we turn--
left or right?

Homer is lost in a reverie, staring at the map.

HOMER

Mmmm, Krustyburgers. And in soooo many
locations...

NED

Hmm, no time to think. (EENY-MEENY
STYLE) Matthew, Mark, Luke-and-John!

(HE PICKS THAT BEND IN THE FORK)

With a loud YELL, they steer into the left-hand bend. We
SEE the rest of the other rafts behind them immediately go
down the right-hand bend.

Ned's and Homer's raft RAPIDLY zooms through a bunch of quick turns, hits the mouth of the river, and puts to sea. It happens in a blink. In no time, they are drifting past the shipping lanes. Foghorns toot at them as they zoom by.

HOMER

Now just relax. Follow the current,
and it'll lead us back to land.

They drift even further out. Uneasy silence.

BART

(WORRIED) Dad...where are we?

HOMER

(IT HASN'T SUNK IN YET) That's easy,
son. We're in the ocean. (POINTS UP)
See? Those are seagulls.

HOMER'S POV

High above them, vultures are circling.

BART

Yeah, but: where in the ocean?

LONG, WIDE SHOT

We can see just how lost they really are: the raft is a tiny speck adrift in a vast, indifferent, roiling sea.

HOMER (V.O.)

(DEVIL-MAY-CARE) Oh...I dunno.

MUSIC: OMINOUS STING

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. A SUNNY BEACH

MUSIC: THE ARCHIES: "SUGAR, HONEY HONEY"

Pretty girls in bikinis are dancing with a bunch of giant lollipops and smiling ice cream cones. As they dance, the music slows to a halt, becoming crawling and slurred. The lollipops wither; the ice cream cones frown and melt.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - THE RAFT - DAY

Homer sits in the raft, eyes shut, listening to a Walkman. His humming along also slows to a halt, same as the tape.

HOMER

(LIKE TAPE) Sugar. Awww. Ho--ney.

Ho.....neyyy. (WHINY) Lousy only-good-
for-100-hours batteries!

He angrily hurls the batteries into the sea. A la "Jaws", a shark instantly pops up, swallows them, and submerges.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Now I have to face stupid reality
again!...Ned! My socks feel dirty! Let
me have some water to wash them!

NED

Again? Homer, we have to ration the
water carefully. It's our only hope.

HOMER

(SMUG) Pardon me, Mr. Let's Ration
Everything, but what do you think we're
floating on? Don't you know the poem?
"Water, water everywhere,/ So let's all
have a drink."

He leans over the side, and drinks some sea water.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CHOKING GASPS, TURNING PURPLE)

Ned thrusts a canteen to Homer, who gulps furiously.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SATED) Mmm. And now some crackers,
to wash it down. (REACHES FOR THEM)

NED/BART

(ANGRILY) Homer! No!

HOMER

(COWED) Ohh...What's the big deal
about rationing things anyway? No
one's gonna find us! We're doomed!

A seagull comes flying into view.

NED

Wrong, we're saved! Seagulls always
stay near land. They only go out to
sea to die. So we must be near--

The seagull croaks and plummets into the sea, dead. Ned,
Bart and Rod are crushed with despair.

HOMER

Woo-hoo! (VINDICATED) See that, boy?
(PROUDLY) Your old man was right, not
Flanders. We are doomed! D-U-M-D:
Doomed! In your face, Ned!

BART

(ANGRY) Homer, at least Ned is trying!
What are you doing to help?

HOMER

(STUMPED) I'm doing ... I... do

...(TIES A KNOT IN A CORD) I tied this
knot. See, boy? See?

A breeze unravels the knot. Bart glares angrily at Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I know. Since you're all such a bunch
of big ration-babies, I'll just be in
charge of the rationing. I can do it.

Homer gathers all the food into his corner of the raft.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Observe, boy. The secret of rationing
is to take tiny bites, like so:

Homer starts taking tiny bites of the available food: he
nibbles a hot dog, a cracker, a peanut, a granola bar...

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SELF-IMPORTANT MUNCHY NOISES)

Almost instantly, he loses all self control and begins
madly tearing at the food, slobbering. It takes all three
of the others to pull him off.

NED

(ANGRY) Homer Simpson, I swear to
Jiminy, I've about had it with you!

BART

(COOLLY) Back off, Flanders! That's
my dad you're talking to. Show some
respect. (NED SHUTS UP)

HOMER

(TOUCHED) Son. You stuck up for me.

BART

(SURPRISED) Yeah, I guess I did.

After all, you are my dad.

HOMER

(AFFECTIONATE) How about a hug, son.

BART

Don't push your luck.

NED

Bart, you're right. I'm sorry, Homer.

Put 'er there, pal.

He extends his hand. Homer looks at it.

HOMER'S POV

Ned's arm is a giant hot dog on a bun.

NED

Whaddaya say? Are we a team?

NED'S POV

Homer is a fat stalk of broccoli.

BART

We've all gotta stick together.

BART'S POV

The two men shake hands. Their arms are both drumsticks.

ROD

I'd like to make my voice heard.

ROD'S POV

Bart is a bottle of tablets labelled "Cod Liver Oil".

HOMER

Attaboy, son. All for one, one for...

He puts his arm around Bart. Looking down at it:

HOMER'S POV

His own arm is a hero sandwich.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

NED

What is it, Homer?

HOMER'S POV

Ned is now a beautiful woman.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(FLANDERS VOICE) Homer! What's wrong?

HOMER'S BRAIN

You're hungry. Not horny: Hungry.

The woman turns back into Flanders, then into an ice cream sundae.

HOMER

Uh...nothing. I'm fine.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - THE RAFT - LATER

The raft, now containing a giant hot dog, a stalk of broccoli, an ice cream sundae and a bottle of vitamins all staring at each other, floats silently on the endless sea.

Suddenly, the roar of an engine can be heard overhead, snapping everyone back to reality. They look up, to see a baked ham with airplane wings flying high overhead.

They shake their heads and look again. It's an airplane.

BART

A rescue ham...plane! How do we signal it?

NED

There are signal flares in the kit box!
Quickly now! (RUMMAGING) They should
be in here! Where are they?

HOMER

(BURPS GUILTILY)

Everyone gives him an accusing stare.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANGRY) Well, Flanders, if you had
just rationed the flares like you
ration everything else, we wouldn't be
having this problem now!

BART

(COLD) If you plan on ever
experiencing your son's love again, I
suggest you cough up a flare this
instant, Homer.

HOMER

Oh, alright. (PRODUCES ONE) I was
saving one for breakfast.

Flanders takes the flare, loads it in the flaregun, and
aims. Homer grabs the gun from him, dramatically.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This ain't one of your church-picnic
flaregun-firings, Flanders. This is
the Real Thing...(SNIFFS THE FLARE)
Mmm. Flarey.

Homer fires the flare gun. The flare shoots straight up, directly at the cockpit of the plane.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The pilot is singing along with the plane radio, which is playing very loudly. He has the window rolled down.

PILOT

(SINGS) "Loooord, I was born a
ramblin' maaan--" (SEES THE FLARE
SHOOTING AT HIM) What the--?

WIDE SHOT - THE SKY OVERHEAD

The flare hits the plane, which bursts into flames and goes into a tailspin, crashing on the horizon. (If possible, quote the plane crash from "Gilda".) We see a tiny parachute floating down to the sea.

HOMER

Well, misery loves company. He's
stranded now, just like us.

A second rescue plane swoops out of the sky, catching the pilot in mid-air. Then it buzzes off into the distance.

BART

Good one, Homer. (GLUM) That was the
only chance of being spotted we had.

EXT. DECK OF A CRUISE SHIP - SIMULTANEOUS

A banner on the deck reads: "Alcoholics Anonymous Annual No Booze Is Good Cruise". Recovering alcoholics stand around, sipping ginger ale. Hutz and Quimby whisper together on deck.

HUTZ

(SOTTO) I swiped a pint of amaretto
from the captain's quarters.

QUIMBY

(SOTTO) Meet you below.

A cruise-goer spots the raft on the horizon.

CRUISE-GOER

(SQUINTING) I think I see a raft!

(REGRETFULLY) But then, I've seen so
many things that weren't.

INT. SHIP - CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN

(INTO MICROPHONE) Ladies and
gentlemen, I'd like to direct your
attention...

EXT. DECK OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The Captain's voice can be heard on the P.A.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

...to our starboard side, where, if you
look carefully, you can see endless
expanses of empty ocean!

CRUISE-GOER

(INTRIGUED) Really?

He and everybody else moves off to the other side of the
ship, away from where the raft was. The deck is empty.

IMPRESSED VOICES (OC)

Wow...Look at that!...So empty...etc.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - THE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Don't worry, son. Someone'll spot us
besides that plane. I promise! And
when they do, we'll be ready for 'em!

On the horizon behind them we see the ship go by, unnoticed.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

A NASA satellite revolves above North America.

ANGLE ON THE SATELLITE'S LENS

It takes a photo of an expanse of ocean, with a dot in the center. The photo enlarges and focuses to clearly show the raft, with latitude and longitude readings superimposed.

The satellite hums and clicks as it transmits the photo.

INT. MISSION CONTROL, NASA - HOUSTON - CONTINUOUS

The photo prints out on a transmitter. It is torn out of the printer by the DERANGED EMPLOYEE, who sits chain-smoking, playing with a revolver. He looks at the photo.

DERANGED EMPLOYEE

What's this? (EVIL SNORT) Too little,
too late...

He turns it over, scrawls the words "I QUIT" on it, and tapes it to his workstation. Cocking the pistol, he walks off dementedly.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - THE RAFT - DAY

Friendly dolphins swim up to the raft playfully.

NED

Here's our chance! Dolphins always
help humans lost at sea.

DOLPHINS

(DOLPHIN CHATTER)

SUBTITLE CAPTION (SUPER) They're going to die.

The dolphins swim away.

NED

Come back! Come back! (CRAZED,
HUNGRILY) I wasn't going to eat you!
Not with tartar sauce, or lemon, or
breadcrumbs... (INSANE CACKLE)

HOMER

Flanders! Snap out of it!

He SLAPS Ned soundly. Ned comes to his senses.

NED

Thank you, Homer, I dunno what got--
Homer SLAPS Ned again. Then, two more times.

BART

Dad, I think he's oka--

Homer keeps slapping Ned. Enjoying it:

HOMER

It's better (SLAP) to be safe than
(SLAP) sorry. (SLAP, SLAP) Sorry.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - THE RAFT - NIGHT

The raft drifts through the darkness, under a brilliant
night sky full of constellations.

NED

I blame myself. If only I'd brought
along a compass and astrolabe, we'd be
able to find our way back.

Above them, we can see a very bright constellation shaped
like a huge arrow, pointing the way back to land. Silence.

BART

(REALLY WORRIED) Dad...are we gonna be okay?

HOMER

(NOBLY REASSURING) Sure we are, son. I wouldn't let anything hurt you for the world.

BART

Dad, don't humor me. Be honest. Are we gonna be okay?

HOMER

(CLEARLY LYING) Uh...Sure we are, son. I wouldn't let anything hurt you for the world. (BEAT) I'm sure every available man is out looking for us right now.

CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

Wiggum is talking on the phone.

WIGGUM

I keep telling you, lady, your husband and son have to be missing for a week before we can start searching. I'd like to help sooner, but we're very, very busy down here.

He hangs up, and resumes playing checkers with a dog.

WIGGUM

(TO DOG) King me.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marge hangs up the phone. Patty and Selma are there, with about 30 boxes of pastries. The room is thick with smoke.

MARGE

(HANGING UP) Still no help. Patty, Selma, I appreciate you staying here to comfort me, but really. It might take days. You should go home and rest.

PATTY

No sweat, Marge. We'll stay as long as it takes. (LIGHTS A CIGARETTE)

SELMA

Look on the bright side. If they are stranded, Homer's got enough meat on him to keep Bart alive for weeks.

(LIGHTS A CIGARETTE)

MARGE

(WORRIED MURMUR)

PAN THROUGH THE
HOUSE:

The entire house is filled with cigarette smoke. Lisa sits in the living room, taking alternate hits off an oxygen mask with Maggie and Santa's Little Helper.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - THE RAFT - DAWN

The air is thick with fog. The raft drifts in and out of invisibility. Ned, Homer, Bart and Rod are delirious.

HOMER

(MOANING) This is the end. We're not gonna make it. (SUDDENLY ANGRY) Where is your God now, Flanders? Where is he when we need him?!

NED

I keep wondering that myself. (A LITTLE HYSTERICAL) Maybe there is no God!

NED'S HALLUCINATION

The Heavens part, and the patriarch Abraham descends on a golden chariot, to celestial music.

NED

Abraham the Patriarch!

ABRAHAM

(FLATTERED) You recognize me. That illustrated Bible has done you some good after all.

NED

Wh..wh..why have you come?

ABRAHAM

I'm a little disappointed in you, frankly. Just to show you there is a God, I've come to rescue you and your son Rod. Climb aboard!

NED

But...what about Bart and Homer?

ABRAHAM

(POLITIC) Well...there's a little thing called the Food Cycle that they'll be contributing to.

NED

Sorry, but I can't leave them. It wouldn't be right.

ABRAHAM

Tell you what. I'll rescue you, Rod, Bart, and, say, a squid who plays the ukelele. Don't think of yourself! Think of the benefit to Sea World!

NED

No Homer, no deal.

ABRAHAM

Suit yourself.

He ascends back into the Heavens.

BACK TO REALITY

Ned is muttering to himself, delirious.

NED

There is a God...it's just that he's a big jerk!

HOMER

(TO BART) Son, I was wrong. We may not survive this. I just want you to know I'm sorry for all the lousy, stupid things I've done, and that...well, I love you.

BART

(MOVED) I...I love you, too, Homer.

(BEAT) Dad.

They embrace.

HOMER

There's something I've been wanting to give you, that I've had since I was a boy. I was going to wait til you turned 18, but I guess I'll have to do it now. It's this icepick.

He hands an icepick to Bart, but slips in the raft and punctures the floor with it. It begins leaking.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

BART

That does it. Forget about me loving you, Homer. We're through.

Everyone sits uncomfortably, as the raft starts to slowly sink.

HOMER

(SNIFFING, MOANS) Oh...as if there wasn't enough torment, now I'm smelling things! I smell hamburgers!

(SNIFFS AGAIN) Not even very good quality.

BART

No, wait, Homer. I smell it too.

(SEES THE MAP) The map! It says here there's an experimental Krustyburger on an offshore oil rig in Springfield Bay!

NED

That 's what you're smelling, Homer!
Oh, if it weren't for this blasted fog, we'd be saved!

HOMER

Never mind the fog! (TAKES A DEEP WHIFF. SMELLING:) That way. Sixty degrees, north by northeast. (TO NED) Steer, damn you! There isn't much time!

They begin to navigate through the fog, led by Homer's nose. Homer takes commands the raft decisively.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNIFFING) We're losing it...No, there! A little further left! Now, steady! Due east!

EXT. OFFSHORE OIL RIG - KRUSTYBURGER - SIMULTANEOUS

The Krustyburger is completely empty. Krusty paces back and forth, chain-smoking.

KRUSTY

Oooohhh, I'm taking a bath on this! No one's coming! No one's here!

ACCOUNTANT

But Krusty, it's still only dawn.

KRUSTY

That's not the point! Close the damn thing down right now! No use throwing good money after bad.

EXT. THE SHORELINE OF THE RIG - CONTINUOUS

Through dense fog, we see the raft suddenly appear.

HOMER

(GALLANT) Land ho!

Cheers.

BART

You did it, Dad! You saved us!

HOMER

(ROARS)

Bart hugs Homer, but Homer violently throws him off and lunges onto the rig. He makes a beeline for the burger stand.

HOMER

(RAVENOUS) Give me every burger you've got. We're saved!

KRUSTY

Turnover! I'm saved! Hey, easy on the ketchup. It don't grow on trees.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KRUSTYBURGER - MOMENTS LATER

Homer, Bart, Ned and Rod ravenously wolf down piles of burgers. Krusty looks on, delighted.

KRUSTY

Now, this is business! (TO ACCOUNTANT)
I want Krustyburgers built on eight more faraway islands. Gimme one on...what's it called? Galapagos.

ACCOUNTANT

But Krusty, that's the last known habitat of the stippled heron.

KRUSTY

Not anymore.

ON BART, NED AND HOMER

As they wolf down burgers ravenously, they muse on their adventure.

NED

(MOUTH FULL) I guess you could say the Lord works in mysterious ways.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Don't be an idiot, Flanders. The lesson here is that it's dangerous for fathers and sons to be together too much.